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Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

BONE MANURE.

We suppose that bone manure has never been much used in Maine. The reasons why it has not been much used are several. 1st. Because there is not sufficient attention paid to any kind of manure. 2d. Because it is difficult to obtain it, there being no mills for crushing and preparing the bones, nearer than Boston or Dorchester, Mass.

A new method of using bones as manure may possibly be the means of introducing its use more extensively among farmers. It is by dissolving them in sulphuric acid, a process which any farmer can perform by having a cask or suitable vat.

This plan was first adopted by a Mr. Hannam of England, who received a prize for his discovery and an essay on the application of bones for the turnip crop. We extract the following facts for our readers from his essay, but first we will give a table of the results of his experiments.

Bones per acre.	Bones cost in England.	State bones were in.	Amount produce per acre.
16	2 00	crushed	10 3 4
2	—	dissolved	9 12 0
2	—	"	11 15 0
4	—	"	12 11 6
4	0 19 6	"	14 6 4
4	1 00 0	"	14 11 7
8	1 9 9	"	15 15 7
8	1 13 0	"	15 2 5
8	—	"	16 1 3 6

From the above table of results it will be seen that two bushels of bones dissolved will produce as much as 16 in the ordinary crushed or ground state. Eight bushels dissolved greatly exceeds the sixteen bushels ground, and that four bushels per acre would be a fair supply in a dissolved condition.

We may ask, of what do bones consist, that they should be such powerful manure? They are composed of carbonate of lime, phosphate of lime, and gelatine or glue. All these materials, or the elements which compose them, are powerful manures, because they enter into the composition of most plants. By throwing them into sulphuric acid the carbonate of lime becomes changed into sulphate of lime or plaster of Paris, and the phosphate of lime, and gelatine, remain in a mixed state with it. Well, what are the proportions of bones and acid used for accomplishing this? We will give Mr. Hannam's own words in answer to this question. "The proportion of acid has generally been one-half of the weight of bone employed, but one-third, or even one-fourth of the weight of bone might be used with success if occasion required. That was an important point in the economy of the manure, as it affected the cost materially. The proportion of water added has generally been 100 times the weight of the acid, but 50 or 35 times the weight of the acid would serve the purpose required very efficiently." It would be better to have the bones crushed pretty fine, as the acid would then act more effectually on them, and dissolve them in very much less time.

DISSOLVED BONE COMPOST. A Mr. Tennant has given the following mode of making compost of dissolved bones. He put 25 bushels of bones in three old boilers, on which he poured 350 lbs. of sulphuric acid and 18 gallons of boiling water to each, (being eight and one-third bushels of bones in each.) It boils away at a great rate for some time. In a day or two the boilers were emptied into two cart loads of light mould, and well mixed together. In this state the bones were not wholly dissolved, but in seven or eight weeks the compost became sufficiently dry to be put in to the drills by hand. He stated that four bushels of dissolved bones applied in the form of this compost, were equal to twenty loads of farm yard manure. Now, if it will equal ten loads of farm yard manure, it is a great saving. Sulphuric acid can be obtained, by wholesale, at from two to four cents per pound. It is important to obtain good acid.

We have seen it somewhere stated that by dissolving bones in strong caustic ley from wood ashes, a still better manure was obtained, but we believe that no comparative experiments have been instituted to ascertain the difference.

FATTENING POULTRY.

Thanksgiving day and Christmas are coming, and we must have the ducks and the geese and the "chicken-fixings" ready. Some stuff up their poultry in a close, dark place, and stuff them with dough made from Indian corn. Others give them a larger prison, and feed them with grains, and dough mixed with milk. Others let them run where they please, taking care to feed them well three times per day. This mode will not fat them so fast as the close confinement method, but to our mind it appears to be the best mode. It is more healthy and congenial to the fowl, and the flesh will be likely to be more healthy.

A writer in the "Farmer's Library" recommends this mode for fattening turkeys. He feeds them liberally in the morning, again at noon, with grain. "At night, before roosting, they should be fed with oat meal and skim milk."

The best and fattest turkeys that we ever raised, were allowed to run at large, and were fed with the hogs, with warm swill, made of oat and pea meal boiled up with potatoes, pumpkins &c.

SLEEPING SEEDS IN SULPHATE OF AMMONIA. Quite a number of farmers tried this liquor for soaking grain before sowing in the spring. We should like to hear the results. Please communicate.

Grind corn and cobs together for your animals.

MAINE

FARMER.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.

VOL. XIV.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1846.

NO. 44.

PURE WATER—DRAINAGE.

People very often talk of pure "spring water," or pure "brook water," generally no doubt because such water is cool and refreshing to the animal system, especially in warm weather. Yet the purest water—that is, the purest natural water, is obtained from melted snow, or that which falls at a distance from cities and other populous places, during showers and storms. When absolutely pure, water is perfectly transparent, colorless, limpid, insipid and of a sickly, unpleasant taste. Chemists obtain it for their experiments by distilling rain water, by which it is first changed into an elastic fluid—(steam)—and then reduced to the ponderable basis of that fluid, by passing it through cold pipes.

But our object is not now so much to discuss the characteristics or component principles of this element, as to offer a few remarks touching its importance in an agricultural point of view. On many farms the obstacles to the attainment of a sufficient supply of water are almost insuperable, and great outlays are consequently often made without adequate results. Water is indispensable to the sustenance of vegetable life, yet its existence, in excess, is no less fatal than its entire absence. Soils so constituted as to be flooded during a great part of the year, usually exhibit but little if any vegetable activity. In seasons of protracted drought, they ordinarily suffer more than the lighter uplands. The action of the soil being merely superficial, the plants, as soon as the weather becomes hot and dry, droop for want of nourishment, and are soon destroyed, outright. Soils of this constitution, however, are by no means destitute of the elements of fertility, and, under a judicious system of cultivation, are susceptible of very high improvement, and of becoming permanently highly productive.

Very extensive swamps and morasses have been thoroughly drained simply by deepening the natural passage ways. Those who possess such lands, will find that a very moderate outlay will often effect wonders. Some of the best grass lands in New England, have been reclaimed from swamps and bogs simply by cheap draining.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

In a message of Governor Jones of Tennessee, we find the following forcible remark:—

"It has been justly remarked that he who contributed to the agricultural improvement of his country, was a greater benefactor than a hero of a hundred battles. The Legislature that shall adopt a liberal system of encouragement to the agricultural interest of the State, will have effected more for the honor and prosperity of the country, than the establishment of a thousand banks."

We are happy to perceive that such men as Gov. Jones are waking up, and apparently alive to the importance of cherishing a more liberal spirit in reference to the "one great art." During the past year, we have noticed, through the entire length and breadth of our land, an awakening and absorbing interest in the promotion of our national Agriculture. The old Societies—the honorable and honored pioneers in the noble cause, have happily kept the public awake, and the attention of farmers fixed to the principles of improved husbandry, while we have witnessed North and West the organization of new societies in numbers unexampled in this country, and whose members, fired with a noble and patriotic zeal, have presented their first and best fruits to the gaze of the admiring multitudes with a devotion and apparent unanimity of feeling that augurs well to the cause. Yet there are some who hold back, refusing to accord their influence in effecting what every candid man, who rightly appreciates the true elements of national happiness and genuine national prosperity, must ever contemplate as one of the most important movements of the age—the advancement of the AGRICULTURAL ART.

We have much to say on this subject, as it is one in which we feel a deep and engrossing interest, and in discussing which we hope to be assisted, in future, by every farmer in the land. The agricultural class have thus far been the dupes of pettifoggers and partisan politicians, and have but too truly enacted the part of the cat's paw in the hands of the monkey. How much longer, brethren of the plough, are we to be hood-winked in this way?

COOKING CORN MEAL AND CORN FOR HOGS.

No safer position we think can be assumed, in the economy of stock feeding, than that quantity as well as nutriment is essential to their preservation in a perfectly healthy condition. If we admit the correctness of this position, and few facts are more clearly obvious, then it results as an inevitable inference that meal, and not only meal but corn, should be cooked before being fed. Corn, by being boiled or steamed, is increased in bulk nearly two hundred per cent, while meal is increased, by the same process, more than three hundred and fifty per cent. To place this subject in a position more easily comprehensible, one bushel of corn, after being steamed or boiled, will measure three bushels. To cook a bushel of meal, five bushels of water are required, so that every pound of meal will give very nearly four and a half pounds of mush, with a volume correspondingly increased.

SALT FOR HOGS. Hogs, during the process of fattening, should be supplied with salt, as often as once a week. It is no less advantageous to them than to the ox, the cow, or the sheep, and when liberally given, is a preventive of many diseases, to which, from their continual confinement, and the effects of hearty food, they are inevitably exposed. Store hogs are also greatly benefited by a liberal provision of salt, and will generally partake of it once or twice a week, as eagerly, and to all appearance with as good zest, as they do of corn or meal. Charcoal is also highly salutary in its influences upon the health of swine.

Never feed long fodder when you possess, or can obtain the means of cutting it.



Portrait of the Merino Buck "Don Hardy."

EXCELLENT MERINOS.

We are aware that sheep husbandry is seeing rather a shady time just now, in consequence of the depression in the wool market. It is therefore important that what sheep are kept should be good ones, because in the best of times poor sheep are not so profitable as good ones. We would therefore refer those who may wish to obtain good sheep to the advertisement of friend Taber, in our advertising columns. We had the pleasure of examining his flock of bucks and lambs the other day. They are of good blood, and exhibit in their forms and activity, indications of being a strong, healthy, and productive flock. Mr. Taber has taken unwearied pains with his sheep, and his flock stands A No. 1, among the sheep of Maine. The famous buck Don Hardy, whose portrait stands at the head of this article, was one of his raising, and possessed an uncommon degree of vigor, and strength of constitution, and his progeny possesses the good qualities of their sire. Don Hardy weighed, at the time we saw him, 140 lbs. with his fleece on. He was subsequently shorn of ten pounds well washed wool. In regard to the prospects of the wool grower, we think that wool will not always be so low in the market as at present, neither do we ever expect to see it go so high as in former years; and hence, as we before remarked, let those who keep sheep keep good ones and keep them well. In this way a moderate profit may be realized.

PRESERVING APPLES.

The great art of preserving apples is to keep them dry and of a uniform temperature. Hence fine saw-dust dried is found to be an excellent thing to pack them down in. Dry sand was used with excellent effect by the late Noah Webster, of spelling book and dictionary memory. Wrapping them up in paper, in the manner which oranges and lemons come to us from the South, has been found a good method, especially where they are to be shipped. The Michigan Farmer recommends packing them down in ground plaster of Paris. We think this would be a good substance to put them down in. Dry tan, or in other words, dry ground hemlock bark, from the tanner's yard, has been used with good results.

HEDGES. This species of enclosure is but little known in our country. A neighbor of ours, however, and a consistent friend of improvement, has now some hundred rods on his farm, and speaks of it in the highest terms. The plants are the native thorn.

A GREAT CROP. Our western brethren carry their farming operations, some of them, to a great extent. One farmer, says a Wisconsin paper, in the vicinity of Michigan City, raised twenty thousand bushels of wheat this year. In New England, such a crop would be a fortune.

Eggs may be preserved perfectly sweet and fresh for years by immersing them in salted lime water. So it is said.

BOMMER'S METHOD OF MAKING MANURE.

To J. E. ROLFE, Esq. Sir—I have read with pleasure your interesting and important communication in the Maine Farmer of the 8th instant, on the value of muck as a manure, and as you have proposed, in connection with this subject, some queries in relation to Bommer's method of making manure, my object in addressing you, through the same source, is to make a few remarks in reply. 1st. You ask, "why Mr. Bommer's mode of managing manure has not more generally engrossed the attention of farmers?" 2nd. "Is it a valuable improvement or a mere money making concern?"

In the first place, permit me to say that this method has probably had a more extensive circulation than you are aware of, but by no means to that extent which its merits warrant and will insure when it is justly appreciated. Many reasons may be given why its adoption has not been general in Maine. 1st. Comparatively little effort has been made, calculated to promote its introduction, and these efforts having been confined to particular sections. 2nd. It has been opposed by those who were ignorant of its merits, because other professed improvements which have been patented, have proved useless. Divest it of the name of Patent, and style it, if you please, a valuable improvement of making manure, and it would be sought after with avidity, and many of our farmers who now stand aloof, would not hesitate to pay double the amount that is now asked for it, with one half of the evidence which they now have of its utility. This prejudice cannot be overcome but by actual experiment and the united testimony of the multitude, and I am happy to add, it is rapidly subsiding in relation to this system.

In reply to your 2d query, "is it a valuable improvement or a mere money making concern?" I will refer you to the numerous testimonials of intelligent farmers who have used this method with ample success, and proved beyond controversy that not only all vegetable matter, but even common earth can be converted into a valuable manure—that swamp mud or muck can be made, in a few days, at a trifling cost, into a rich manure, of greater strength and more durable, than the best barn manure. In corroboration of the above, I will state one fact that came under my own observation. A farmer in this vicinity cultivated one acre of exhausted land, run out to that degree that it produced little or nothing. He applied twelve loads of manure, made principally of swamp mud or muck of an inferior quality, by the Bommer process. It was planted with corn the 29th of May; it grew rapidly, and yielded one hundred bushels of ears of sound corn. For information in relation to its being a money making concern, I will again refer you to those who have used the method, and they will probably tell you they so consider it, as they paid only \$4.00 for the method with the right to use it, and would not take ten times that sum to be deprived of its benefits. In view of these facts, who can estimate the value of our swamps containing inexhaustible quantities of muck, taken in connection with this valuable improvement in preparing it and imparting to it those properties necessary to constitute it food for plants, and capable of sustaining vegetation in its greatest vigor? I will now close by quoting from your valuable communication, and join with you in repeating, "there is indeed a treasure which will yield greater benefits than pure gold, strength to our soil and health and activity to our agriculture."

Respectfully yours, E. HOOLE.

Portland, October, 1846.

other, the danger of growing the season they are put in and the wood not becoming sufficiently hardened to withstand our winters.

In a recent journey through a part of Ohio and Indiana, I was informed by nurserymen that they usually obtained a growth of from nine to thirteen inches the same season, which was not commonly hurt by the winter. As regards putting in with the wood, I have made for the last two years careful experiments, by putting two buds in the same stock, one with the wood removed, and the other not, and with equal success.

Although I have met with many failures in budding, I have not attributed much to the heat of the season, providing it was not too dry, which I think to be very detrimental. I know of no precise time to commence budding, but vary according to the maturity of the bud and the ease with which the bark peels. I would suggest to my friend Wood, to make more and careful experiments at different times, both with and without removing the wood, and I am of the opinion he will find nothing laid down by Downing upon budding, that will lead the practitioner astray. Much I think depends upon tying in the bud, for if too loose, it admits the air and water, both of which are injurious; and if too tight, the sap cannot freely circulate, which is essential for a union to take place. These objections may be remedied by using strips of cotton cloth for bandages, coated with grafting cement. The expense is something more than strings of bass, but I am inclined to the opinion that it is the best method.

D. TABER.

KENNEBEC AG. SOCIETY, 1846. REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

On Sheep.

The committee on sheep beg leave to report, that the number of entries in the three classes was unusually small; and in one class no competition existed.

Only two competitors presented in the first class, that of Merino and grade Merino, viz: Moses Taber and Nathan Foster. Their flocks having been mixed with the stock purchased at the same time in Vermont, and both bred with unusual care, offered no small difficulty in coming to a decision. Their sheep, although possessing some peculiarities proper to each, are, on the whole, in the opinion of your committee, very similar in merit, and we have found ourselves obliged to divide your premiums between them, without feeling that we have been very exact in designating the different animals.

In the first class we have awarded to Moses Taber, of Vassalboro', the first premium, on ten Merino sheep. Second premium, for his best buck. Third premium, for his next best buck; and the first premium for his ten lambs.

To Nathan Foster, of Winthrop, the first premium, in the first class, for his best buck. Second premium, for his ten sheep; and second premium for his ten lambs—all Merinos and their grades.

In the second class, to John O. Wing of Winthrop, your first and second premiums, for his Cotswold and Bakewell bucks, both being grade animals, and the only ones offered in the class. Your committee are not sure that they would not have been justified by the 5th rule from withholding the premiums in this case, as they cannot believe that Kennebec could not furnish animals of the same class far superior.

In the third class, Jesse Wadsworth and Elijah Wadsworth, of East Livermore, presented four full blood and two grade Saxony bucks, very good animals. We award to the former your first premium for Saxony bucks, and to the latter the second.

If the Trustees have been too free in offering diplomas, it is not our fault if occasionally too shall fall to the lot of the same individual. We would suggest the choice of money or a diploma to the winning party. The rigor of our climate will forever render wool an article of prime necessity, and be the price high or low, it must be had; and it is pretty certain that, in future, demand and supply must be the measure of price.

Neither this nor any other branch of human industry will long be permitted to be more profitable than another. Competition soon brings all to a common level—therefore, to insure a profit on wool-growing, the greatest care, in the selection and breeding of sheep, becomes absolutely necessary.

All which is respectfully submitted, Per order of com. JAMES BATES.

On Cows, Heifers, and Heifer Calves.

The committee appointed to examine, and adjudicate the premiums on cows, heifers and heifer calves, beg leave to report, that they have awarded the first premium on full blood Durhams, to R. H. Green, of Winslow; 2d do. also to Mr. Green. No two year old offered. First premium on one year old heifers, to L. Wainwright, of Augusta, for his heifer "Mayflower."

Premium on best calf, awarded to Jonah Crosby, of Albion.

GRADES. First premium on cows to L. Wainwright, for his cow "Young Fanny." 2d premium to Joseph Percival, of Winslow. 3d premium to Esau Savage, of Waterville.

Two year old heifer, premium awarded to Warren Percival, of Vassalboro'.

One year old, 1st premium awarded to Watson Burgess, of Waterville. 2d premium to Chas. A. Wood, of Winslow.

First premium on heifer calves awarded to J. D. Lang, of Vassalboro'. 2d premium to Harrison Jaqueth, of Albion.

NATIVES. First premium on cows awarded to F. Paine, of Winslow. 2d premium to John Sturgis, of Vassalboro'. 3d premium to John Sturgis, of Vassalboro'.

No native two year olds nor yearlings were offered.

Your committee feel bound to state, that the comparative excellence and beauty of the animals presented for their inspection, rendered the duty very difficult to designate for premiums. A beautiful three year old heifer, owned by Mr. Hunnewell, of China, deserves particular notice;

also a heifer owned by Jedediah Morrill, Esq. of Waterville, not 17 months old, having a calf by her side more than a month old. Such early promise is rare, and the circumstance worthy of public mention. Mr. Watson Burgess, of Waterville, offered several heifers deserving notice and praise. Several cows, of marked proportion and character, did not escape the observation of your committee; particularly two cows owned by Moses Taber, of Vassalboro'. Your committee would not fail to mention the regret they feel that more Natives were not offered, placing, as they do, a high estimation on native stock; and judging from the specimens exhibited, that such improvements are within the province of every farmer as to bring natives in competition (for all the properties of the dairy) with the best blood stock in the State. In conclusion, your committee feel bound (with deference) to recommend in future a distinct premium for the best stock breeders, as many noble animals were exhibited which do credit to their owners, and place this class of stock before the society in a light demanding special attention.

Respectfully submitted, ROBERT AYER, NATH'L ROBINSON, LEVI PAGE, Committee.

STATEMENT OF MR. PAINE.

The following is a true account of a cow owned by F. Paine, of Winslow—age, eight years.

Calved May 9, 1846.

Two and a half months from May 9, average lbs. milk per day, 50
Next 2-3 months, i. e. to Oct. 9, do. do. 150
In the month of June, lbs. butter 1 week, 121
do. do. do. do. do. 121
do. do. do. do. do. 108
do. do. do. do. do. 164
No. lbs. milk from May 9 to Oct. 9, 152
days—76 days, 50 lbs. each, 76 days, 40 lbs. each—6840

FREDERICK PAINE.

On Ploughing.

The committee on ploughing have attended to the duty assigned them, and ask leave to report. We award to John Sawtelle, Jr., of Sidney, the Society's first premium.

To Llewellyn Sturgis, of Vassalboro', the second premium.

To Bradford Sawtelle, of Sidney, the third premium.

To James Page, of Augusta, the fourth premium.

All which is submitted.

WILLIAM WINSLOW, THOMAS MERRILL, THOMAS FOWLER, Committee.

On Horses.

The committee on horses having had that subject under consideration, ask leave to report as follows:

They award to Darius Lewis of Hallowell, the first premium, for the best stallion. This horse is four years old, and has no competitor.

To the best three years old stallion, entered by Marcellus A. Chandler of Augusta, they award the first premium.

To the three years old stallion, entered by George Richardson of Belgrade, your committee award the second premium.

One breeding mare, entered by Mr. Phillips of Hallowell. This mare is thirteen years old. The committee having no knowledge of her stock, do not recommend the award of a premium.

TUDOR SIMON, BENJ. HODGES, ERASTUS RICHARDS, Committee.

REMEDY FOR CHILLS AND FEVERS, OR FEVER AND AGUE. Take one pint of sweet milk and one large tablespoonful of ground ginger, mixed thoroughly and heated over the fire as warm as it can be drunk, when the chill comes on or commences. Repeat the dose once or twice, if necessary, and the cure will be effected.

N. B. If the system be costive, an aperient may be necessary, in order to prepare it properly for the above prescription.

This is the most accessible, the cheapest, the most efficacious, and the speediest remedy in the world. As this is the usual season for the prevalence of that disease, I do myself the honor to furnish you with the above recipe.

[Cort. of Washington paper.]

RIPE STRAWBERRIES IN OCTOBER. A correspondent from Sudbury says—"The present year is remarkable not only for large fruit, and fruit in great abundance, but also for fruit out of season—as appears from the fact that strawberries are now to be found in the meadows, from the blossom to the half grown and perfectly mature state. The writer of this has now several clusters of them at his house, as ripe and fragrant as in July." [Massachusetts Ploughman.]

We of Maine are not to be outdone in this way. It is but a few days since we were presented with a small box of strawberries, fresh and fine, from the farm of Reuben H. Yeaton, Esq. in Belgrade—the second crop of the season. [Kennebec Journal.]

At the Horticultural Exhibition, in Philadelphia, a few days ago, Mr. Cowperthwaite presented a bunch of Syrian grapes; such, remarks the U. S. Gazette, as was never grown before in this country. The berries were as large, almost, as grape shot.

VIRGINIA CORN. Mr. Jabez Sawin, of this village, brought us the other day one ear of eight rows of perfectly ripened Virginia horse-tooth corn, which he raised the past season in his garden. It is the first Virginia corn we ever saw actually ripened in New England. [Banner.]

A NEW SORT OF CORN. Corn, the seed of which was brought by Lieut. Freemont from the Rocky Mountains, is growing in Albany. Each kernel is enveloped in a husk.

That is not new. We have often seen specimens of that kind of corn raised in this part of the country; but the husking frolics must be multiplied or extended, if every kernel, instead of every ear, is to be husked. [U. S. Gazette.]

The Bangor Mercury states that there is now living in that city a female who is 104 years of age, and that she was born in Newbern, N. C., in 1742, and quite active, walking to church regularly on the Sabbath.

A PROFITABLE MEADOW. Mr. Alger, of Bridgewater, gathered from two acres of meadow, 296 bushels and 17 quarts of cranberries, which, at \$2 per bushel, would amount to the handsome sum of \$593. [Ex.]

MUSK-RAT CAUGHT BY A CAT. Mr. Leech informs us that he has a cat, which, though he will not, (as he says,) catch "cockroaches" will catch "almost everything else." He says—"she often goes a hunting round a pond; and has brought home thirteen good sized musk-rats this summer." [Ex.]

THE MAINE FARMER.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, OCT. 29, 1846.

Probate Notices. Those of our friends who have Probate Notices to publish, and would like to have them appear in the Farmer, which circulates extensively in the County of Kennebec, have only to signify the wish to the Judge of Probate.

Job Work. of all kinds, as neatly executed, and on as reasonable terms, at the Farmer Office, as at any establishment in the State. Fancy jobs printed with all the different colored inks.

LOOK TO YOUR SCHOOLS.

The winter season is fast approaching. The good old New England custom of having the public schools in the early part of the cold season, in order that the older children, the young men and women, may have an opportunity, after the severe labors of summer, to spend their time in improving their minds, still continues among us. But we are sorry to say that recently, although the advantages of an education at our public schools are ten times as great as they were half a century ago, the improvement made by the children, who enjoy these increased advantages, is ten times less.

This is owing, not so much to the children themselves, for they are blessed with as much talent as those of former times, but to the carelessness, indifference and apathy of the parents. Formerly, the commencement of the winter school was an important era in the District. All looked upon it as a sort of solemn duty to improve every hour in acquiring what rudiments of knowledge were then taught; and the parents not only made provision that their children should be supplied with books, but they themselves entered into the spirit of the thing. They encouraged their children. They made the family circle, during the long evenings, a sort of preparatory school, and they took good care that proper decorum and subordination should be observed in school while it was in operation. Now, we have more money appropriated—we have more school-houses—we have more books, and we have better laws in regard to schools, and we have poorer schools and more ignorant scholars.

And how can it be otherwise? Parents pay their taxes—provide books—hire a master, and then sit down self-satisfied, with, as they think, having discharged their duty. If the children go to school, it is well—if they stay at home, it is well—if they learn, it is well—if they do not learn, it is well, saving and excepting, perhaps, a few indefinite maledictions upon the master. No interest is taken in the school or the scholar by the parents. Is it any wonder that their children, also, take no interest? And if they take no interest, is it any wonder that they learn but little or nothing?

A very interesting and observing writer (Rev. Timothy Flint) has truly said, "Spend as lavishly as you may in multiplying fashionable instruction, and blazon as much as you will the advantages of your children, if they do not perceive, while the rudiments of their taste and habits are forming, that you consider literature, science and the improvement of intellect, a matter of paramount interest and importance, you will never cause their stream to flow higher than your fountain. An occasional parlor lecture, or a high wrought eulogy, will not convince them or avail to your purpose. They must see this preference, as all others, which they will be inclined to copy, manifested in your whole deportment and conversation. At table, around the evening fire, in the Sabbath walk, in the common family intercourse, in the intervals of the toil of your profession, whatever it be, the taste and permanent inclination for literature and intellectual cultivation are imparted. This can never be, if behind all your eulogy of these things, you discover that your ruling passion is money, or the sordid objects of common pursuit."

Experience proves the above sentiments correct, and to this peculiar apathy in parents, in regard to the improvement of the mind of their children, and the absorbing cares of business—the great anxiety to accumulate property, and making haste to be rich, must be attributed the failure of the increased facilities for an education at the present day, to bring about corresponding results.

We hope for a better state of things. The recent establishment of a Board of Education, whose duty it is to wake up and sustain, if possible, more interest in our primary schools, will be productive of much good. But, notwithstanding all these things, if you really wish for certain, actual and permanent improvement in your children, let parents resolve themselves into a special board of education, and look to their schools.

Kennebec and Androscoggin Railroad. A meeting of the Corporators of the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad, was held at the office of the Water Power Company, at Lewiston, on the 20th inst.

It will be remembered that the route of this proposed road lies from Lewiston, through Greene, Monmouth, Winthrop, East Readfield, Belgrade, to Waterville.

Edward Little, Esq., was chosen chairman; Nelson B. Reynolds, Secretary. A committee was appointed to obtain provisional subscription to the stock, at \$50 per share, and also to procure bonds for the right of way on the proposed line. It was also voted that the books for subscription to the stock be opened early in January next.

We are told that the best feelings prevailed, and assurances were given that the road would be completed at an early day.

Portland and Kennebec Railroad. A meeting of the corporators of this proposed road was held week before last, in which they accepted the charter, and made arrangements for holding a meeting on the 28th inst., in Gardiner, for the choice of officers, and taking other measures for commencing operations as soon as possible. A committee from this company have held a meeting of consultation and arrangement, with a committee from the Portsmouth, Saco, and Portland Road, at which certain propositions and overtures were made and received, by which mutual aid will be given and facilities for the construction of the new road through Augusta, Hallowell, Gardiner, Richmond, Bowdoinham, Topsham, Brunswick, Freeport, and North Yarmouth, with a branch from Brunswick to Bath, be much increased. We shall be able to give further particulars at another time.

Another Big Hole in the Ground. Another mammoth cave has been discovered in Maury County, Tenn. Two men entered the cave and travelled six miles before they found an outlet.

A TRIP DOWN EAST.

Mr. Cole, Editor of the Boston New England Washingtonian, and one of the happiest writers connected with the press, during the latter part of the past summer made the tour of "Down East," or at least a small part of that extensive country. He stopped a day or two in Augusta, spending the time very pleasantly to himself and to his friends here. Since his return home, he has published several interesting and happy articles relative to his "trip Down East," which we should have been happy to have copied entire, had our limits permitted. The last article we cannot forbear publishing, as it is unusually interesting. Here it is:

INTERESTING INITIATION. Some five or six weeks since, while on a brief visit to Augusta, Me., we had the pleasure of attending a meeting of Franklin Division No. 2, Sons of Temperance. This Division is in a very flourishing condition, and numbers among its members many of the most respectable and influential citizens of Augusta. On the evening to which we have referred, we had the pleasure of participating in one of the most pleasing and imposing ceremonies, that we ever remember to have looked upon. It was the initiation of three young men, brothers, into the solemn mysteries of our beloved Order. The ages of the new candidates were respectively 18, 20, and 22. Three more intelligent or finer looking young men could scarcely be found. We felt proud of our cause and of our Order, as we looked upon the young pillars, standing side by side, and shoulder to shoulder, in all the pride and strength of youth and health, ready to forsake the captivating pleasures of the green cup, and to take upon themselves the solemn obligations which are to bind them forever to total abstinence. They do not wait until their appetites are glutted with the poison—"till their eyes are bleared, their cheeks swollen, their limbs disjoined, their intellects shattered. No! But now in the very heyday of their manhood, while their eyes are bright and sparkling, while their cheeks are ruddy with the hue of health, and their young blood plays sportively in their veins; now, while their brave hearts beat high with honest hopes, and bright anticipations, they stand up boldly before their fellow men, and solemnly renounce forever the use of all intoxicating drinks. And as the initiation progresses, the three brothers holding each the other's hands, repeat in clear and distinct tones, the words of the pledge; and as the last word drops from their lips and they are declared to be Sons of Temperance, an aged man is seen with his eyes riveted upon the young members, watching with interest their every look and gesture. He is moved even to tears, for we see them gushing from his eyes, and, cursing their way down his furrowed cheeks. And who is he, that he should feel more than others, and why is he so deeply affected now, at seeing a mere ceremony which he has witnessed an hundred times before without emotion? He is the father of the three young men, who have just been adopted into the fold of temperance. Well may the good old man be moved to tears, tears of joy, for he has seen his noble boys renounce the fatal cup which he but too well knows contains naught but sorrow, suffering, disease and death. Yes! the old man has given the example to his boys. He had travelled the rugged path of life; he had gathered the roses, and been pricked by the thorns; he had quaffed the rich nectar, and had sickened when it turned to gall; and now, in his old age, he renounces the "proffered cup of enchantment," and behold! his brave boys follow their sire's example. Oh! it was a glorious sight to see that father and his three young sons, clad in the simple, yet significant, regalia of our Order. They are a band of brothers now, and are "pledged to a life of Temperance."

And not only are they happy themselves, but a cause of happiness in others, for though the wife and mother are not there, yet she cannot but be happy in the possession of such a husband, and such brave sons. Well would it be for all the fathers in our land, if they would set such an example to their children, and well would it be for our country, if all her sons had such fathers. May the time soon come when all our fathers shall be "sons," and all our "sons," fathers, and then shall fathers and sons be "brothers" all!

THE MONTHLY FLORA. Lewis and Brown, 272 Pearl street, New York, publish an elegant and useful work with the above title. It is in a quarto form, containing 10 pages, elegantly printed, and five elegantly colored engravings of plants each month, at the moderate price of \$3 in advance. The Editor, Dr. John B. Newman, is well known to the scientific world as a man well versed in natural science and particularly in Botany.

The design of the work is to give illustrations and descriptions of natural plants, and also some exotic worthy of cultivation on account of their utility or beauty. A specimen of the work can be seen at the Farmer Office. Please read the prospectus on our advertising page.

TOMATOES ABOVE AND POTATOES BELOW. The annals of the Royal Horticultural Society, of Paris, gives an account of a successful experiment of engrafting the tomato on the potato. The scientists took the individual had a good crop of tomatoes above and potatoes below. Turnip-cabbages and tomato-potatoes, would be a profitable crop, inasmuch as there would be no waste timber.

COMING UP IN THE WORLD. The Worcester Spy, in speaking of our new License Law, observes that this is the first instance of a law totally prohibiting the sale of intoxicating beverage, passed by a civilized, christian State; while Mahomedan powers and Indian chiefs, and the civil authorities of the Sandwich Islands, have long since forbidden the traffic.

WHO BEATS MERCER IN THE TURNIP LINE? Mr. Elijah Blaisdell has just harvested from four square rods of ground, fifty bushels of fat turnips. One of them measured 3 feet 5 inches in circumference. If we cipher right, this is after the rate of two thousand bushels per acre!

WHO BEATS WINTHROP IN BALDWIN? Mr. Hutchins, of East Winthrop, raised a Baldwin apple, this season, on a young graft, that measured 11 1/4 inches in circumference, and weighed 13 ounces.

BEAUTIFUL APPLES. John H. Hartwell, Esq., who has a fine orchard on the East side of the river, left some beautiful specimens of apples at our office the other day. They consisted of Baldwins, several kinds of Russets, and some varieties, the names of which we do not know. The attention which is now paid to raising good fruit is encouraging, and we hope it will increase from year to year, until Maine can boast of the most best apples of any State in North America.

TRYING THE RULE BOTH WAYS. The Foreign Missionary Society, seeing that the Pope's Missionaries are freely admitted among our people, are about sending a missionary to Rome, to see whether he will be admitted as freely there as we admit him. Isn't this giving an eye for an eye?

MORE COAL. A new coal mine has been found at Valley Falls, R. I. The vein is of the anthracite variety, four feet thick, and only 15 feet from the ground. If it is as hard as some of the Rhode Island coal that we have seen, it will bid defiance to all the fires in Tophet, without being scorched.

Editorial Scribbblings.

BY THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

Change.

"How uncertain all, where all is change."

This world is full of change—ever changing. The rich man of to-day may be a beggar to-morrow. To-day he rolls in wealth and luxury, honors crowd thick upon him—courted by the rich, the aristocratic, and the gay—commanding homage and reverence from the poor—receiving adulation from the cringing sycophant who looks to him for place, favor, or perhaps his daily food—the lifting of a finger moving scores, and a nod of approval or a frown swaying hundreds. His influence, his power is almost past bounds—he wills and it is accomplished. To-morrow, through the infinite operations of the laws of nature, he is reduced to penury—is no longer courted by the rich, the aristocratic, and the gay—an outcast in the society of which, but yesterday, he was the head. Verily, courtly friendship, like riches, takes to itself wings. This is the dark side of the picture. Let us view it by a different reflection of light.

In this country, where distinction of birth is not acknowledged—where the highest honors, whether political or social, are alike open to the rich and the lowly born—where entailment of past accumulation is not guaranteed—where genius, industry, and perseverance are alike candidates for the goal of public favor or of wealth—the charity student, the poor apprentice, and the beggar boy may aspire to the highest honors within the gift of his peers, and tread the paths that lead to affluence, contending arm to arm, genius to genius, and intellect to intellect, with the son of the rich and the public favored.

We rejoice that our lot has been cast in this happy land—this land of equal rights—under a government which proclaims all men to be born equally free—(would to heaven it was true, to the letter, and the curse of slavery or bondage was not known to our otherwise republican and christian country)—where the poor, as well as the rich, may exert an influence in the destinies of the nation. We would not be understood as advocating the doctrine that the intellects of all men are equal—that all men could be Websters, or Bentsons, or Clays, or Wrights; but we do believe that all men may exert a respectable influence in society, whatever may be their pecuniary circumstances.

Take the men in our country who exert the widest influence in society, either politically or socially—trace back their lives, and you will find, in a large majority of cases, they commenced their career with comparatively nothing, except industry, energy and perseverance. Thus thrown upon their own resources, they have, by assiduity and determination, counterbalanced the influence of wealth, and now find themselves standing upon the proud pinnacle of fame; while those who commenced life with far more flattering prospects, find themselves far outstripped in the race; and for this reason—while they have been reclining in the luxuriousness of their wealth, those, who started in an humble sphere, and without the influence which wealth bestows, have been exerting themselves both mentally and physically. Poverty has made the one great wealth has made the other imbecile.

Taking this view of the subject, what a strong incentive is held out to young men for mental and physical effort, instead of spending their time in lounging about in the shops, stores, and bar-rooms. It is left with them to determine whether they will exert an influence to make our country enlightened and liberal, or allow it, by their imbecility and degeneracy, to become ignominious and despotic. It will be but a few years before those who now control its destinies will have passed away, and the duty will devolve upon the rising generation. How important then is the decision to be made. It is—greatness or imbecility—republicanism or despotism—independence or servitude—affluence or poverty! Young men of America, which choose ye?

Splendid Knife—Waterbury, Ct.

The best piece of pocket-knife mechanism we have ever seen, is the "Congress Knife," got up in the wooden-nutmeg State, old Connecticut, by the "Waterville Manufacturing Co.," at Waterville, New Haven county. For style, finish, keenness and durability, it is pronounced, by good judges, to be a *leelle* superior to any thing of the knife kind which comes here from the celebrated factory of Rodgers, in England. We fall in with this opinion. As for its cutting qualities, one of our fingers can bear unequivocal testimony to its keenness. We have one, of course; and L. P. MEAD & Co., of this village, have "a few more left of the same sort." It is worth while to look at them if you don't wish to purchase; as an examination of them will convince you that "some things can be done" in Connecticut "as well as others," and that the Rodgers' knife is not the knife after all.

By the way, that little town of Waterbury, up there in Clockdom, with a population of about four thousand souls, deserves much credit for its enterprise. Besides the knife business, other and extensive manufactures are in full blast. Hayward, in his New England Gazetteer, published in 1839, thus speaks of the business of Waterbury: "Of the articles manufactured in the village, those of gilt buttons and the rolling of brass and copper metals for a great variety of uses, constitute the greatest business. There are three factories of this kind upon an extensive scale, two in the village, and one about two miles north, connected with which is a gold refinery. There are likewise two factories of gilt buttons upon a considerable scale, unconnected with rolling mills. One extensive rolling mill connected with the brass wire and tubing manufacture, two satinet factories, one woolen factory, besides a great number of minor establishments, in which buttons of various kinds and other articles are manufactured to a considerable extent. The number of persons in the village, of both sexes, who are employed in the manufacturing establishments, is between six and seven hundred. It is not precisely known what amount is manufactured yearly, but it has been estimated by good judges to exceed a million of dollars, and is upon the increase." Nothing is said of the knife factory, from which fact we conclude that it has not been in operation but a short time. Success, say we, to Connecticut's onionery, wooden nutmegery, clockery, buttonery, and, last though not least, success to her "Congress" knifery.

FIRE IN BELFAST. The house and two barns of Col. W. Berry, in Belfast, were consumed by fire a week ago last Friday night. Loss, estimated at \$3500; covered by insurance in the Gotham Co., \$700. That desperate, reckless mortal, Mr. Incendiary, who has done a vast amount of mischief the past year, is said to have had a hand in this affair.

Activity.

There is more in activity than is dreamt of in our philosophy. It is health, strength and prosperity, three quite comfortable articles. Up in the morning, then, and go into your work with as much activity as a hungry lad would eat his way through a double-breasted molasses doughnut. Up! and shake off sloth, or the piercing winds of poverty and disease will shake you till there is not a grease spot left to tell the melancholy tale of your sad fate. Up! and throw your whole soul into business, during business hours, as a frog throws himself into the pond—"ker-chug!" Up! and if you haven't any business, fly round like peas in a hot skillet, and business will soon come to you, as butter comes after the cream has *actived* smartly. There's nothing like activity. We know a third-rate lawyer, who got himself into profitable business by being active in *doing nothing*. He used to take a lot of old letters and documents, put them into his hat, go to the post-office, take them out, filling both hands, and then "streak it" for his office as though the destiny of the nation depended upon his speed. People noticed it, of course, and thought that if he had so much business from out of town, he must be something, after all. So they gave him their business, and he prospered like a milk-weed. Up! and

"Be active—be active—
Find something to do,
In digging a clay bank,
Or tapping a shoe.
Don't stop at the corners
To drag out the day—
Be active—be active—
And work while you may."

Snow. A week ago last Sabbath there was a slight fall of snow in this vicinity. Forty miles up the river, in Somerset, we understand it fell to the depth of three inches. Again there was another slight sprinkling on Friday night, and still another on Sunday morning. This is early for snow. The Governor should take the hint, and appoint Thanksgiving day. The young folks in this region are in a very uncomfortable puckeration about it, as many of them intend to commit matrimony on Thanksgiving evening, and are tired of waiting. Will the Governor attend to this business immediately, and thus oblige a host of matrimonial candidates? If he knows which side his bread is buttered on, he will. We speak in behalf of the anxious ones.

FATTENING POULTRY ON BEECHNUTS. We are informed that a farmer in Readfield, Mr. William Hutchinson, is in the practice of fattening troops of turkeys on beechnuts, when these turkeys are plenty, as they are this fall. Turkeys eat them with avidity, and fatten very rapidly; and, when in condition to kill, their flesh is capital, being flavored a little with the nuts. He drives them out into the beech groves, and there they fill themselves; and after being thus driven a few times, they will go on their own hook. A lady in Sidney, we are told, fattens her turkeys and chickens in this manner. This, to say the least, is a very economical way to fatten poultry; and all who have beech woodlands would do well to profit by it. The flesh of fowls fattened on these nuts must be of the first order. We should like to go halves with the feathered tribe on such fodder. Beechnuts, every one knows, are excellent eating.

DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE. A Lodge, or Division, called the "Maine Union, No. 1, Daughters of Temperance," was organized in Thomaston on Tuesday last week. Success attend their efforts for the furtherance of the great cause of temperance—the uplifting of the prostrate inebriate. Why can't the Augusta ladies obtain a charter from head quarters, New York, and organize a similar lodge? They could do a good work. Many of these lodges are in successful operation in the Empire State, and we believe there are several in existence in the old Bay State. The Sons of Temperance are doing a glorious work in Maine; why not the Daughters follow their good example? They feel most sensibly the withering, blasting, degrading effects of King Alcohol's despotic administration: why not raise their hands, and lend their aid, to oust him? Their influence will be as marked and efficient in the temperance reform, as it ever has been in social life. It rejoices us to see them coming to the rescue. They have our hand and heart in this cause, if in no other.

Up to Snuff.

Our younger brother in the black art, little ALICE, is a boy after our own liking—"up to snuff"—that is, in plain vernacular, "one of 'em." We hesitate not to hazard the assertion, that he is the "cutest" lad, of his inches, in all Augusta. At fistfists, at wrestling, and at kissing, he stands unrivalled; and in the science of punning, he has made some little progress. Here he comes. Let us try him a trifle.

"Alec, my boy, up with your dickey up, wipe your nose, and then 'dilapidate' on a few questions."

"Yes sir—"

"Well, suppose you had a friend in the city of Washington, to whom you wished to send a package by a distinguished gentleman of old Kennebec, what single English word could you write upon the wrapper, which would at once give your friend a clue to the gentleman's name and to the secret cause of his present high standing? That's the question."

"A-hem! Yes—well—I have it. I should, of course, write—PERSEVERANCE—(per Seeverance.)"

"Them's us, exactly. Why would the women make first rate military officers?"

"Cause they're great at constructing breast works."

"Tut! tut! Sharp, but not it."

"Well, then, if that ain't the why, it must be 'cause they're used to training the light infantry."

"Exactly so—exactly. Why is yonder loaf-er's eye like this barrel?"

"Cause it's bunged up."

"Why are the Editors of the New York Saturday Emporium, the New York Scientific American, the Saco (Me.) Union, and several others we could mention, like a herd of 'catty' cattle?"

"Cause they're much given to hooking. They 'hook' agricultural articles from the Farmer with liberality and sound judgment. But the man of the Union aint to blame for his hooking propensity."

"Why so?"

"Cause he's a Cow-an sort of a fellow."

"Right, precisely."

Snow. They of New York State have had several quite smart sprinklings of snow. A week ago Monday, snow fell in Buffalo, Utica and Albany. Very remarkable snow, this, for extremes.

Somerset Show and Fair.

The Cattle Show and Fair of the Somerset Agricultural Society, came off, in Norridgewock, on the 8th and 9th instants. The assemblage of farmers and others interested in agricultural improvement, was large—a friend says, immense—and the show of cattle and exhibition of manufactured articles, quite extensive, and of excellent quality. The address was delivered by Dr. LYNDE, the same gentleman who delivered the address before the Kennebec Society. It was, like every thing else emanating from the same fountain head, an able, well digested production.

The People's Press contains most of the reports of the committees, from which we gather the following items.

The committee on butter and cheese report that but two lots of butter were presented. The first premium, \$1.50, they award to widow Jane Hoxie of Bloomfield; the second, \$1.00, to Stephen Potter of B. The first premium on cheese, \$1.50, to Mrs. Hoxie; the second, \$1.00, to Mr. Potter. Rather little competition for this important department.

The committee on silk and woolen manufactures award to John Emerson, for the best piece of woolen carpeting, \$1.50; to Mrs. M. S. Blunt, 2d do., \$1.00; to Miss Mary E. Prescott, for the best hearth rug, \$1.00; to Miss Susan N. Blunt, 2d do., 50 cts.; to John Longley, for the best Highland shawl, \$1.00; to Miss Sarah A. Tilton, 2d do., 50 cts.; to Mrs. Dr. Bowen, for two doz. silk handkerchiefs, \$1.00. These were manufactured of domestic silk, raised by Mrs. B., and woven by Miss Cynthia Clark of Norridgewock, one of the most ingenious ladies in the States of Maine and Singlefield. That we know for certain.

The committee on farming tools, boots, shoes, &c., report that but little competition existed—only a few articles presented. They award both the premiums on ploughs to Daniel Adams of Norridgewock. The premium, \$1.00, for the best lot of narrow axes, was given to J. Whorf & Sons of Madison—the only lot offered. The same gentlemen presented, as a curiosity, no doubt, a leviathan axe—well made, fair proportioned, and handled—weighing the enormous amount of—one ounce! The premium on thick boots, awarded to Coburn, Harvey & Co.

The committee on steers say that fine animals were offered by Allen Jones and Henry Lawrence of Fairfield, Levi G. Sedgley of Bloomfield, and James M. Hilton of Starks. They award the first premium, \$3.00, to Mr. Jones; the second, \$2.00, to Mr. Lawrence; and the third, \$1.00, to Mr. Sedgley.

The committee on working oxen report that 20 yokes were entered for premium, all good animals. They award the first premium, \$2.00, to Charles Burgess of Fairfield; the 2d, \$1.50, to Henry Lawrence of F.; the 3d, \$1.00, to Paul Bowman of F. Only one team of oxen entered, and that from Bloomfield, which, of course, took the premium, \$6.00.

The committee on bulls, cows and heifers, report that the number present was much greater than at any previous show. The first premium on bulls, \$5.00, was awarded to Luke Houghton of Anson, for his Durham bull, formerly owned by J. W. Hains of Hallowell; the 2d, to A. Crawford of Skowhegan; the 3d, to Watson Holway of Fairfield. First premium on cows, to Charles Burgess of F.; the 2d and 3d, to John Otis of F. The first premium on heifers, to Allen Jones; the 2d, to John Otis; the 3d, to Charles Burgess.

The committee on horses report that but one stallion was present, and he not worthy of the Society's first premium; they however recommend that two dollars be given to the owner, Galen Hoxie of Fairfield. There were a number of breeding mares present, competing for a single premium. The committee did not award the premium, but recommend that \$1.00 be given to Peter Kimball, and 75 cts. each to Cromwell Barnard and Thomas Steward. A large number of beautiful colts on the ground. No premiums offered.

The committee on swine report that but two lots were offered—these by Messrs. Rufus Bixby and Heber Wheeler of Norridgewock. One premium offered—awarded to Mr. Bixby.

No report on sheep yet published. Three lots presented: one by William R. Flint of Anson, among them "Don Hardy," whose portrait is on the outside of this paper; one by Heber Wheeler and another by Dea. O. Tinkham, both of N. These were all fine specimens.

Several specimens of silk hose and gloves were presented for examination, by the Messrs. Longley of N., "which," says a correspondent of the Press, "for beauty and durability, will surpass any thing of foreign make I ever saw." Mr. J. S. Longley of N., has succeeded well in the silk business, as our readers are aware by his communication in the Farmer some time since.

Col. Green of Winslow, exhibited some of his fine stock.

Good. We learn, by the Sunday Times, that the talented, industrious editor of that capital periodical, the New York Illustrated Magazine, Lawrence Labree, "has come into possession of a respectable property by legacy." This is good news, for Labree is a "good fellow," and has worked his way up to his present standing by unremitting toil. He is a native of this State, and spent his schoolboy days in Bloomfield. Happy to hear of his good fortune.

"O, Scissors!" we exclaimed the other day when HOLLOWAY said he had a better pair for us than those we were using. We walked up to his store, (an extensive hardware and stove establishment, where, also, the Augustan shovels are kept for sale,) and took a pair of a *la Scott* scissors, bankum for cutting things. Trust lots of money bees will swarm round *W. Holloway* and fill up all the cells.

MR. KELLOGG, the successful temperance lecturer from the Buckeye State, is lecturing in Calais. Hope he'll soften the hearts of the callous liquor dealers.

HENRY STEPHEN FOX, late Minister from Great Britain to the United States, died at Washington on Tuesday night. He resided at Washington since he ceased to be Minister, about three years, on account of ill health. He was 56 years of age, and was son of Gen. Henry Edward Fox, grandson of Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, and nephew of the celebrated Charles James Fox. He was descended from a natural son of Charles II.

IMPORTANT NEWS FROM MEXICO.

The U. S. sloop-of-war John Adams, Comm. McCluney, from Vera Cruz the 25th ult. for Pensacola, touched at the S. W. Pass of the Mississippi on the 7th inst. Interesting and important intelligence from the interior of Mexico, has been received at New Orleans by this arrival, a summary of which we copy, as below, from the N. O. Times of the 10th. Santa Anna, as will be seen, with his usual modesty, shrinks from the assumption of civil power, and shows of bravery which is quite characteristic, accepts the command of the army, to fight to the death the battles of Mexico against the United States. This news appears to be authentic. If so, then there is an end to all hopes of peace which may have been founded on the supposed pacific policy of Santa Anna, or on the presumed understanding between him and our Government. He counsels his countrymen to draw the sword for "a desperate effort." He has himself enlisted for the war, as he says, "to serve his country or to perish among its ruins." [Traveler.]

Santa Anna had put himself at the head of the army, and was about to march against Gen. Taylor. The Mexicans, notwithstanding all their attachment to Santa Anna, would not elect him their President, unless he pledged himself to a vigorous prosecution of the war with America. On that subject there was little difference of opinion; seemingly, all ranks were burning with desire to drive the invaders from the soil, if they could.

Santa Anna was in the city of Mexico, arranging the plan of an extensive campaign against the several American corps d'armee, organizing, recruiting, encouraging, exhorting the inhabitants not only of the capital, but the whole country, with a view to meet the danger that threatens Mexico with the whole of her defensive resources.

On the 14th ultimo, he reached Azotla, a small town distant ten or twelve leagues from the city of Mexico. Here he received a communication from Almonte, the ad interim Secretary of War, proposing to him the supreme Executive power, or Dictatorship. This offer was made on the part of the Provisional Government, organized by General Salas, after the fall of the late President. Santa Anna replied immediately to the mission of his partisan, Almonte, who is said to be body and soul devoted to the interests of his patron. He evinces considerable reluctance to profit by the generous confidence exhibited toward him by his countrymen; he declares that he cannot accept the offer made him of becoming Chief of the republic, unless only desire, he believes, is to occupy the post which has been vacated, and which he has assumed, that of Commander-in-Chief of the army, for the purpose of leading it in person against the "perfidious" foe who is now ravaging her very heart. He says that in his exile, he heard the voice of his country calling on him to defend her, and he hastened home, to be employed in that mission. The circumstances which environ Mexico, he believes, are so imminently perilous, that she must make a desperate effort, or be content to see her name erased from the list of independent nations. He reiterates his ardent wish to march against the enemy; he strives to impress on Almonte, and through him on the Mexican people, that his motives are pure, and his purposes honest, and that an assumption of supreme power, such as embracing the offer then made him, could have no other effect than impairing his honor in the eyes of his fellow-citizens, by investing his first measures on reaching the capital with the characteristic of selfish ambition. The whole of this effusion is in the usual style of Mexican documents, grandiloquent and inflated. He concludes by intimating his intention of entering the city the next day. This correspondence is shrewdly supposed to be part of a drama, the end of which is to raise this seemingly patriotic, but really ambitious and unscrupulous man, to the supreme Dictatorship.

On the 15th ultimo, Santa Anna arrived at the capital, amid rejoicings more enthusiastic than had ever been witnessed before. The people seem to behold in him their savior, and were almost frantic with joy. The court of the attachment to his person were unbounded. The next day the most vigorous measures, so far as declarations go, were taken by the Provisional Government. A levee of 30,000 men to recruit the army was ordered. Requisitions were forthwith transmitted to all the principal places in the Republic, for an immediate furnishing of their respective quotas. Puebla, and the whole of the towns within a circuit of fifty leagues of the metropolis, are stated to have complied with the requisition for men, with the greatest alacrity. A regiment was immediately raised in Puebla, on the arrival there of the news of the levee of 30,000 men. To facilitate the arming and equipping of this large body of troops, the Government have ordered that duties on all munitions of war shall cease to be levied, until further notice.

The whole of the officers and crew of the *Truxton* who surrendered to the Mexicans, have been released, the officers on parole, the men under a pledge for a discharge, the apt Carpenter, the late commander of the ill-fated vessel, *Harser Cutter*, Mr. Wilkinson, Captain's clerk, and many of her crew came passengers in the *John Adams*. The rest of the officers and men were taken on board the store ship *Relief*, at Antonio Lixardo, to sail for Pensacola in a few days.

The marine who was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to die, for striking Lieutenant Taylor, of the sloop-of-war *St. Mary*, was hung at the yard-arm on board that vessel on the 20th ult. No rumor existed at Vera Cruz of any attempt to be made by the squadron on Tampico. There had been, for sometime, a report that a hostile demonstration was to be made on Alvarado.

The Government has made requisitions upon the States for troops, as follows:—Mexico 8300; Jalisco 4000; Puebla 3800; Oaxaca 3000; San Luis Potosi 1800; Zacatecas 1600; Queretaro 500; Oajaca 2000; Michoacan 3000; Vera Cruz 1000; Durango 600; Chihuahua 500; Sinaloa 580; Aguascalientes 280. Aggregate 36,000.

All persons between the ages of 16 and 50 are obliged, by a recent decree, to take arms when required to do so, as members of the National Guard, &c. A free pardon is tendered to all deserters from the regular line, who may return to their respective corps within three months.

SANTA ANNA. Every report from the Mexican chief shows that he has out-Yanked the administration. The French paper at New York states that it has private letters from Havana, which show that Santa Anna brought him, in the steamer *Arab*, to Vera Cruz, twenty Spanish officers of distinguished ability, among the number Narciso Lopez, who has acted a distinguished part in the civil wars of Old Spain. From other accounts we learn that these officers, under Santa Anna, are to have commands in the attempt to expel our columns of invasion. One of them it is added, is a very good officer, who says that, with a corps of 5,000 to oppose us, we can never reach the Capital. Others are in the passes of Saltillo, and at Saltillo, or San Luis Potosi.

THE ARMISTICE. It appears that the Government will not consent to the cessation of hostilities agreed upon by Gen. Taylor. The Union states unequivocally, that orders have gone forward, by express, to terminate the armistice, and to pursue military operations "without cessation." It is supposed that Gen. Taylor will get the order in sixteen days from Mexico, when Major Graham, the bearer of the despatch, left Washington.

He will then go on to Saltillo, and thence to San Luis Potosi, where he may find it more difficult to support himself than in his present position.

An Albany boy, 14 years of age, has in two years past, cut with a common jack-knife, a representation of Noah's ark, and 50 of its inhabitants, man, beast, fowl and reptile, all done in wood. Ring-worm may be, in most cases, cured by simply scratching round the surface with the point of a sharp pin. The disease will not pass the line if the skin is thus cut.

The Muse.
[From the People's Journal.]
THE WIFE'S APPEAL.
A TEMPERANCE SONG.—BY W. C. BENNETT.
Winter—A Street under an Alehouse—A working Man,
his Wife, and Child.
Oh, husband, to-night, John—
Now, husband, don't go in!
To spend our only shilling, John,
Would be a cruel sin.
There's not a ha'p at home, John—
There's not a coal, you know!
Though with hunger I am faint, John,
And cold comes down the snow:
Then don't go to-night!
Ah, John, you must remember—
And, John, I can't forget
When never foot of yours, John,
Was in the alehouse set.
Ah, those were happy times, John,
No quarrels then we knew,
And none were happier in our lane
Than I, dear John, and you:
Then don't go to-night!
You will not go to-night, John, I mind,
When we were courting, few
Had arms as strong or step as firm
Or cheek as red as you.
But drink has stolen your strength, John,
And paled your cheek to white,
Has tottered your young firm tread,
And bowed your manly height.
You'll not go to-night!
That made me, John, your wife,
What pleasant talk that day we had
Of all our future life!
Of how your steady earnings, John,
No waiting should consume,
But weekly some comfort bring
To deck our happy room:
Then don't go to-night!
To see us, John, as then we dressed,
So tidy, clean, and neat,
Brought out all eyes to follow us
As we went down the street.
Ah, little thought our neighbors then,
And we as little thought,
That ever, John, to eyes like these,
By drink we should be brought.
You won't go to-night!
And will you go to-night for me,
Yet for your baby, stay—
You know, John, not a taste of food
Has passed my lips to-day;
And tell your father, little one,
'Tis mine your life hangs on—
You will not spend the shilling, John!
You'll give him! Come, John,
Come home with us to-night!

The Story Teller.
[From the Columbian Magazine for October.]
ROSENGLORY.
BY L. MARIA CHILD.
A stranger among strange faces, she drinketh the
wormwood of dependence;
She is marked as a child of want; and the world
hathet her poverty.
She is cared for by none upon earth, and her God
seemeth to forsake her.
Then cometh, in fair show, the promise and the feint
of affection.
And her heart, long unused to kindness, remembereth
her brother, and loveth;
And the traitor hath wronged her trust, and mocked
and hung her from him;
And men point at her and laugh, and women hate
her as an outcast;
But elsewhere, far other judgment may set
among the martyrs.—[Proverbial Philosophy.]
Oh, moralists, who treat of happiness and self-
respect in every sphere of life, go into the squalid
depths of deepest ignorance, the uttermost abyss of
man's neglect, and say can any hopeful plant spring
up in air so foul that it extinguishes the soul's bright-
torn as soon as it is kindled? O, ye Pharisees of the
nineteenth century of Christian knowledge, who soundly
appeal to human nature, see that it
be human first. Take heed that during your slumber,
and the sleep of generations, it has not been trans-
formed into the nature of beasts. [Dickens.]
Jerry Gray and his sister Susan were the chil-
dren of a drunken father, and of a poor woman,
who saved them from starvation by picking up
rags in the street, and washing them for the pa-
per-makers. In youth, she had been a rustic
belle, observable for her neat and tasteful attire.
But she was a weak, yielding character, and
sickness, poverty and toil gradually broke down
the little energy with which nature had endowed
her. "What's the use of patching up my old
rags?" she used to say to herself; "there's no
body now to mind how I look." But she had a
kindly affectionate heart, and love for her chil-
dren preserved her from intemperance, and sus-
tained her in toiling for their daily bread.
The delight she took in curling her daughter's
glossy brown ringlets was the only remaining in-
dication of early coquettish taste. Though off-
en dirty and ragged herself, Susan was clean
and tidy. She was, in fact, an extremely lovely
child; and as she toddled through the streets,
holding by her mother's skirts, Napoleon him-
self could not have been more proud of popular
hommage to his little King of Rome, than was the
poor ragged woman of the smiles and kisses be-
stowed on her pretty one. Her large chestnut-
colored eyes had been saddened in their expres-
sion by the sorrows and privations of her moth-
er, when the same life-blood stained them both;
but they were very beautiful; and their long
dark ringlets rested on cheeks as richly colored
as a peach fully ripened in the sunshine. Like
her mother, she had a very moderate share of
intellect, and an extensive love of pretty things.
It was a gleam in their souls of that intense love
of the beautiful, which makes poets and artists
of higher names, under more favorable cir-
cumstances.
A washerwoman who lived in the next room
planted a Morning-Glory seed in a broken tea-
pot; and it bore its first blossom the day Susan
was three years old. The sight of it filled her
heart with passionate joy. She danced and clapped
her hands; she returned to it again and again,
and remained a long time stooping down, and
looking into the very heart of the flower. When
it closed, she called out, impatiently, "Wake
up! wake up, pretty posy!" When it shriveled
more she cried aloud, and refused to be com-
forted. As successive blossoms opened day by
day, her friendship for the vine increased, and
the conversations she held with it were some-
times quite poetic, in her small way.
One day, when her mother was hooking up
rags from the dirty gutters of the street, with
the little ones trudging behind her, a gentleman
passed with a large bouquet in his hand. Susan's
eyes brightened as she exclaimed, "O, mammy,
look at the pretty posies!" The gentleman
smiled upon her and said, "Would you like one,
my little girl?" She eagerly held out her hand,
and he gave her a flower, saying, "There's a
rose for you." "Thank the good gentleman,"
said her mother. But she was too much occu-
pied to attend to politeness. Her head was full
of the pet Morning-Glory, the first blossoms she
had ever looked upon; and she ran to her broth-
er shouting joyfully, "See my Rosenglory!"
The gentleman laughed, patted her silky curls,

and said, "You are a little Rosenglory yourself,
and I wish you were mine." Jerry, who was
older by two years, was quite charmed with the
word. "Rosenglory!" repeated he. "What a
funny name! Mammy, the gentleman called our
Susy a Rosenglory."
From that day, it became a favorite word in the
wretched little household. It sounded there
with mournful beauty, like the few golden rays,
which at sunset fell aslant the dingy walls, and
the broken crockery. When the weary mother
had washed her basket of rags, she would bring
water for Susan's hands, and a wooden comb to
smooth her hair, and gazing fondly in that in-
fant face, the only vision of beauty in a life other-
wise all dark and dreary, she would say, "Now
kiss your poor mammy, my little Rosenglory."
Even the miserable father, when his senses were
not stupefied with drink, would take the pretty
little one on his knee, twine her shining ringlets
round his coarse fingers, and sigh deeply as he
said, "Ah, how many rich men would be proud
to have my little Rosenglory for his own." But
it was her brother Jerry who idolized her most
of all. He could not go to sleep on his little
bunch of straw, unless her curly head was nest-
led on his bosom. They trudged the street to-
gether, hand in hand, and if charity offered them
an apple or a slice of bread, the best half
was always reserved for her. A proud boy was
he when he received an old tattered rocking-
horse from the son of a gentleman, for whom
his father was sawing wood. "Now Rosenglory
shall ride," said he; and when he placed her on
the horse, and watched her swinging back and
forth, his merry shouts of laughter indicated in-
finite satisfaction. But these pleasant scenes oc-
curred but seldom. More frequently, they came
home late and tired, everybody was hungry and
cross, and they were glad to steal away in si-
lence to their little bed. When the father was
noisy in his intoxication, the poor boy guarded
his darling with the thoughtfulness of mature
years. He patiently warded off the random
blows, or received them himself; and if harm ac-
cidentally came to her, it was affecting to see his
tearful eyes, and hear his grief-stricken whisper,
"Mammy! he struck Rosenglory!"
Poor child! her young life was opening in
dark and narrow places; though, like the vine
in the broken ten-pot, she caught now and then
a transient gleam of sunshine. It would be
if men could spare time from the din of theo-
logical dispute, and the drowsiness of devotion-
al routine, to reflect whether such ought to be
the portion of any of God's little ones, in this
broad and beautiful earth, which He created for
the good of all.
Many a hungry day, and many a night of
pinching cold, this brother and sister were strug-
gling through their blighted youth, till the young-
er was eight years old. At that period, the fa-
ther died of the delirium tremens, and the moth-
er fell into a consumption, brought on by con-
stant hardship and unvarying gloom. The fam-
ily was removed to the almshouse, and found it
an improvement in their condition. The coarse
food was as good as that to which they had been
accustomed—there was more air, and a wider
scope for the eye to range in. Blessed with
youthful impetuosity to the bright and joyous,
Jerry and Susan took more notice of the clear
silvery moon, and the host of bright stars, than
they did of the deformity, paleness, and sad
looks around them. The angels watch over
childhood, and keep it from understanding the
evils that surround it, or of retaining the gloom
which is its shadow. The poor weak mother
was daily wasting away, but they only felt that
her tones were more tender, her endearments
more fond. One night, when they were going
to bed, she held them by the hand longer than
usual. The rough hirsute nurse felt the elo-
quence of her sad bidding, and had not the
heart to hurry them away.
"No one knew what deep thought, what agony
of anxious love, was in the soul of the dying
one; but she gazed earnestly and tearfully into
their young eyes, and said, with a troubled voice,
"My children, try to be good." She kissed them
fondly, and spoke no more. The next day,
the nurse told their mother was dead.
They saw her body laid in a white pine coffin,
and carried away in a cart to the burying ground
of the poor; where it was piled upon a hundred
other nameless coffins, in a big hole dug in the
sandy hillside. She was not missed from the
jostling crowd; but the orphans wept bitterly for
she was all the world to them.
In a few days, strangers came to examine
them with a view to take them into service. Jer-
ry was bound to a sea-captain, and Susan to a
grocer's wife, who wanted her to wait upon the
children. She was indeed bound; for Mrs. An-
drews was entirely forgetful that anything like
freedom or enjoyment might be necessary or use-
ful to servants. All day long she lugged the
heavy baby, and often sat up late at night, to
pacify its fretfulness as she best could, while her
master and mistress were at balls, or the Bow-
ery. While the babe was sleeping, she was re-
quired to scour knives, or scrub the pavement.
No one talked to her except to say, "Susy, do
this;" or "Susy, why didn't you do as I bade
you?"
Now and then she had a visit from Jerry,
when his master was in port. He was always
very affectionate, and longed for the time when
he should be a man, and able to have his sister
live with him. But after a few years, he came
no more; and as neither of them could write,
they had no means of communication.
When Susan grew older, and there were no
more babies to tend, she was mostly confined to
the cellar kitchen, from which she looked out
upon stone steps and a brick wall. Her mistress
had decided objections to her forming acquaint-
ances in the neighborhood, and for several years
the young girl scarcely held communion with any
human being, except the old cook. Even her
beauty made her less a favorite; for when com-
pany came in, it was by no means agreeable to
Mrs. Andrews, to observe that the servant at-
tracted more attention than her own daughter.
Her husband spent very little of his time at
home, and when there was usually asleep. But
one member of the family was soon conscious of
a growing interest in the orphan. Master Rob-
ert, a year older than herself, had been a petu-
lant, over-indulged boy, and was now a selfish
pleasure-seeking lad. In juvenile days, he had
been in the habit of ordering the little servant
to wash his dog, and of scolding at her, if she
did not black his shoes to his liking. But as hu-
man nature developed within him, his manners
towards her gradually softened; for he began to
notice that she was a very handsome girl. Hav-
ing obtained from his sister a promise not to re-
veal that he had said anything, he represented
that Susy ought to have better clothes, and be
allowed to go to meetings sometimes. He said
he was sure the neighbors thought she was very
meanly clad, and he had heard that their ser-
vants made remarks about it. He was not mis-
taken in supposing that his mother would be in-
fluenced by such arguments. She had never
thought of the almshouse child in any other

light than as a machine for her convenience; but
if the neighbors talked about her meanness, it
was certainly necessary to enlarge Susy's priv-
ileges. In answer to her curious inquiries, her
daughter repeated that Mrs. Smith, at the next
day had made a similar remark to Mrs. Dick-
son. Whether this gossip was, or was not in-
vented by Robert, it had the effect he desired.
Susan, now nearly sixteen years of age, obtain-
ed a better dress than she had ever before pos-
sessed, and was occasionally allowed to go to
meetings on Sunday afternoon. As Mrs. An-
drews belonged to a very genteel church, she
could not of course, take a servant girl with her.
But the cook went to a Methodist meeting,
where "the poor had the gospel preached to
them," and there a seat was hired for Susan
also.
Master Robert suddenly became devout, and
was often seen at the same meeting. He had
not deliberately had intentions; but he was
thoughtless by nature, and selfish by education.
He found pleasant excitement in watching his
increasing power over the young girl's feelings;
and sometimes, when he queried within himself
whether he was doing right to gain her affections,
and what would come of it all, he had floating
visions that he might possibly educate Susan and
make her his wife. These very vague ideas he
impressed so definitely on the mind of the old
cook, aided by occasional presents, that she
promised to tell no tales. Week after week, the
lovers sat together in the same pew and sang
from the same hymn-book. Then came meet-
ings after the family had retired to rest, when
secrecy gave an additional charm. The con-
cealment was the only thing that troubled Susan
with a consciousness of wrong; and he easily
persuaded her that this was a duty, in order to
screen him from blame. "Was it his fault that
he loved her?" he asked. "She was sure he
could not help it." She, on her part, could not
help loving him deeply and fervently. He was
very handsome, and she delighted in his beauty,
as naturally as she had done in the flower, when
her heart leaped up and called it a Rosenglory.
Since her brother went away, there was no other
human bosom on which she could rest her
weary head; no other lips spoke lovingly to her;
no other eye-beams sent warmth into her soul.
If the gay, the prosperous, and the flattered did
it pleasant to be loved, how much more must
it be to one whose life from infancy had been so
darkened? Society reflects its own pollution on
feelings which nature made beautiful, and does
cruel injustice to youthful hearts by the grossest
of interpretations. Thus it fared with poor Su-
san. Late one summer's night, she and Robert
were sitting by the open window of the break-
fast room. All was still in the streets; the light
of the moon shone mildly on them, and hushed
their souls into quiet happiness. The thought-
less head of sixteen rested on the impressive
heart of seventeen, and thus they fell asleep.
Mrs. Andrews had occasion for some camphor
in the course of the night, and it chanced to be
in the closet of that room. When she entered
in search of it, she started back as if she had
heard the report of a pistol. No suspicion of
the existing state of things had ever crossed her
mind; and now that she discovered it, it never
occurred to her that she herself was much to
blame. Her own example, and incidental re-
marks not intended as education, but which in
fact were so, had taught her son that the world
was made for him to get as much pleasure in
as possible, without reference to the good of oth-
ers. She had cautioned him against the liabil-
ity of being cheated in money matters, and had
instructed him how to make the cheapest bar-
gains, in the purchase of clothing or amusement;
but against the most inevitable and most insid-
ious temptations of this life he had received no
warning. The sermons he heard were about
publicans and pharisees, who lived eighteen
hundred years ago; none of them met the wants
of his own heart, or revealed the rational laws
of the senses. As for Susan, the little fishes, float-
ed along by the tide, were not more ignorant of
hydrostatics, than she was of the hidden dan-
gers and social regulations, in the midst of
which she lived. Robert's love had bloomed in
her dreary, monotonous life, like the morning-
glory in the dark, dismal court; and she wel-
comed it, and gazed into it, and rejoiced in it,
much after the same fashion.
All these thoughts were, however, foreign to
the mind of Mrs. Andrews. She judged the
young couple as if they had her experience of
forty years, and were enmeshed in her own hard
crust of worldly wisdom. The dilemma would
have been a trying one, even for a sensible and
judicious mother; and the management of it re-
quired candor and delicacy altogether beyond her
shallow understanding and artificial views. She
wakened them from their dream with a storm of
indignation. Her exaggerated statements were
in no degree adapted to the real measure of
wrong doing, and therefore, instead of producing
humility and sorrow, they roused resentment
against what was felt to be unjust accusation.
The poor, heedless, neglected child of poverty,
was treated as if she were already hardened in
depravity. No names were too base to be as-
tributed to her. As the angry mistress drove
her to her garret, the concluding words were—
"You ungrateful, good-for-nothing hussey, that I
took out of the almshouse for charity! You vile
creature, you, thus to reward all my kind-
ness, by trying to seduce and ruin my only son!"
This was reversing matters strangely. Susan
was sorely tempted to ask for what kindness she
was expected to be grateful; but she did not. She
was ashamed of having practised concealment, as
every generous nature is; but this feeling of self-
reproach was overpowered by a consciousness
that she did not deserve the epithets bestowed
upon her, and she timidly said so. "Hold your
tongue," replied Mrs. Andrews. "Leave my
house to-morrow morning, and never let me see
you again. I always expected you'd come to
some bad end, since that fool of a painter came
here, and asked to take your likeness, sweeping
the side-walk. This comes of setting people up
above their condition."
After talking the matter over with her husband,
Mrs. Andrews concluded to remain silent about
Robert's adventure, to send him forthwith into
the country, to his uncle, the minister, and re-
commend Susan to one of her friends, who needed
a servant, and had no sons to be endangered.
At parting, she said, "I shall take away the cloak
I gave you last winter. The time for which you
were bound to me isn't up by two years; and the
allowance Mr. Jenkins makes to me isn't
enough to pay for my disappointment in losing
your services just when you are beginning to be
useful, after all the trouble and expense I have
had with you. He has agreed to pay you every
month enough to get decent clothing; and that's
more than you deserve. You ought to be thank-
ful to me for all the care I have taken of you,
and for concealing your bad character; but I've
done expecting any such thing as gratitude in
this world." The poor girl wept but she said
nothing. She did not know what to say.
No fault was found with the orphan in the

family of Mr. Jenkins, the alderman. His
wife said she was capable and industrious; and
he himself took a decided fancy to her. He
praised her cooking, he praised the neatness with
which she arranged the table, and after a few
days, he began to praise her glossy hair and
glowing cheeks. All this was very pleasant to
the human nature of the young girl. She thought
it was very kind and fatherly, and took it all in
good part. She made her best courtesy when
he presented her with a handsome calico gown;
and she began to think she had fallen into the
hands of real friends. But when he chucked her
under the chin, and said such a pretty girl ought
to dress well, she blushed and was confused by
the expression of his countenance, though she
was too ignorant of the world to understand his
meaning. But his demonstrations soon became
too open to admit of mistake, and ended with offers
of money. She heard him with surprise and dis-
tress. To sell herself without her affections, had
never been suggested to her by nature, and as yet
she was but little acquainted with the refinements
of high civilization, to acquire familiarity with
such an idea. Deeming it best to fly from per-
secutions which she could not avoid, she told
Mrs. Jenkins that she found the work very hard,
and would like to go to another place as soon as
possible. "If you go before your month is up,
I shall pay you no wages," replied the lady;
"but you may go if you choose." In vain the
poor girl represented her extreme need of a pair
of shoes. The lady was vexed at heart, for she
secretly suspected the cause of her departure;
and though she could not in justice blame the
girl, and was willing enough that she should go,
she had a mind to punish her. But when Susan
to defend herself, hinted that she had good rea-
sons for wishing to leave, she immediately brought
a storm on her head, at once. "You vain, im-
pertinent creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins.
"Because my husband gave you a new gown for
shame of the old duds you brought from Mrs.
Andrews, do you presume to insinuate that his
motives were not honorable? And he a gentle-
man of high respectability, an alderman of the
city! Leave my house; the sooner the better;
but don't expect a cent of wages."
Unfortunately, a purse lay on the work table,
near which Susan was standing. She had no idea
of stealing; but she thought to herself, "Surely I
have a right to a pair of shoes for my three
weeks of hard labor." She carried off the purse,
and went into the service of a neighbor who
had expressed a wish to hire. That very evening
she was arrested, and was soon after tried and
sentenced to Blackwell's Island. A very bold
and bad woman was sentenced at the same time,
and they went in company. From her polluting
conversation and manners, poor Susan received
a new series of lessons in that strange course
of education, which a Christian community had
from the beginning bestowed upon her. Her resi-
dence on the Island rapidly increased her stock
of evil knowledge. But she had no natural ten-
dencies to vice; and tho' her ideas of right and
wrong were confused by the social whirlpool into
which she was borne, she still wished to lead a
decent and industrious life. When released from
confinement, she tried to procure a situation at
service; but she had no references to give, except
Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. Jenkins. When she
called a second time, she uniformly met the cold
reply, "I hear you have been at Blackwell's
Island. I never employ people who have lost
their character."—From the last of these attempts
she was walking away hungry and disconsolate,
doubtful where to obtain shelter for the night,
when she met the magistrate who had sentenced
her and the other woman, he spoke to her kindly,
gave her a quarter of a dollar, and asked her to
call upon him that evening. At parting, he prom-
ised to be a friend to her, if she behaved herself, and
then murmured something in a lower tone of
voice. What were his ideas of behaving herself
were doubtless implied by the whisper; for the
girl listened with such a smile as was never seen
on her innocent face before he sent her to im-
prove her education on the Island. It is true,
she knew very little, and thought still less, about
the machinery of laws, and regulations for social
protection; but it puzzled her poor head, as it
does many a wise one, why men should be magis-
trates when they practice the same things for
which they send women to Blackwell's Island.
She had never read or heard anything about
"Woman's Rights;" otherwise, it might have
occurred to her that it was because men make
all the laws, and elect all the magistrates.
The possible effect of magisterial advice and
protection is unknown; for she did not accept
his invitation to call that evening. As she walked
away from the tempter, thinking sadly of Robert
Andrews and her dear brother Jerry, she hap-
pened to meet the young man who had gained
her first youthful love, unmixed with thoughts
of evil. With many years, she told him her ad-
ventures since they had parted. The account
kindled his indignation, and excited his sympathy
to a painful degree. Had he lived in a true and
rational state of society, the impulse then given
to his better feelings might have eventually
raised his nature to noble unselfishness and a
manly frankness. But as it was, he fell back
upon deception and false pride. He hired apart-
ments for Susan, and wheedled his mother out of
means of paying for them. Those who deem
the poor girl unpardonable for consenting to this
arrangement, would learn mercy under similar
circumstances of poverty, scorn and utter loneli-
ness.
Ten years passed since Jerry last parted with
his blooming sister, then fourteen years old. He
had been shipwrecked twice, and returned from
sea in total blindness, caused by mismanage-
ment of the small pox. He gained a few coppers
by playing a clarinet in the street, led by a little
ragged boy. Everywhere he inquired for his
sister, but no one could give him any tidings of
her. One day, two women stopped to listen,
and one of them put a shilling into the boy's hand.
"Why, Susy, what possessed you to give so
much to hear that old cracked pipe?" said one.
"He looks a little like some one I knew when I
was a child," replied the other; and they passed
on. The voices were without inflexions, rough
and animal in tone, indicating that the speakers
led a merely sensual existence. The musician
did not recognize either of them; but the name
of Susy went through his heart like a subterranean
thunder November clouds; then she said he
looked like somebody he had known! He in-
quired of the boy if the woman called Susy was
handsome. He replied, "No. She is lean and
pale; her cheekbones stand out, and her great
staring dark eyes look crazy." The blind man
hesitated a moment, and then said, "Let us walk
quick and follow them." They did go, but lost
sight of the women at the turning of a dirty
alley. For six weeks the blind pipe kept
watch in the neighborhood, obviously a very
bad one. In many houses he inquired if any
of them knew a woman by the name of Susan
Gray; but he always received an answer in the
negative. At last an old woman said that a
girl named Susan Andrews boarded with her for
a while; that she was very feeble and lived in a

street near by. He followed the directions she
gave, and stopped before the house to play.
People came to the door and windows, and in a
moment the boy pressed his hand and said,
"There is the woman you want to find." He
stopped abruptly, and exclaimed, "Susy! There
was an anxious tenderness in his tone, which
the bystanders heard with loud laughter. They
the bystanders heard with loud laughter. They
shouted, "Susy, you are called for! Here's a
beau for you!" and many a ribald jest went
round. But she, in a sadder voice than usual,
said, "My poor fellow, what do you want of me?"
"Did you give me a shilling a few weeks ago?"
he asked.—"Yes, I did; but surely, that was no
great thing."—"Had you ever a brother named
Jerry?" he inquired. "Oh, Heaven! tell me if
you know anything of him!" she exclaimed. He
fell into her arms, sobbing, "My sister! my poor
sister!" The laughter hushed instantly, and
many eyes were filled with tears.—There were
human hearts there also; and they felt at once
that the poor pipe was Susy's long-lost brother,
and that he had come to her, blind.
For an instant, she clasped him convulsively
to her heart. Then thrusting him away with a
sudden movement, she said, "Don't touch me
Jerry! don't touch me!" Not one of the vicious
idlers smiled. Some went away weeping, others
with affectionate solicitude offered refreshments to
the poor blind wanderer. Alas, he would almost
have wished for blindness, could he have seen
the haggard spectre that stood before him, and
faintly recognised, in her wild melancholy eyes,
his own beloved little Rosenglory.
From that hour, he devoted himself to her
with the most assiduous attention. He felt that
her steps trembled when she leaned on his arm,
he observed that her breath came with difficulty,
and he knew that she spoke truly when she
said she had not long to live. A woman who
visited the house told him of a charitable insti-
tution in Tenth Avenue, called The Home,
where the women who have been prisoners, and
sincerely wish to reform, can find shelter and
employment. He went and besought that his
sister might be allowed to come there and die.
There, in a well ventilated room, on a clean
and comfortable bed, the weary pilgrim at last
reposed in the midst of true friends. "Oh, if
I'd only met with such when my poor mother
first died, how different it might all have been,"
she was wont to say. The blind brother kissed
her forehead and said, "Don't grieve for that
now, dear. It was not your fault that you had
no friends."
One day a kind, sympathizing lady gave him
a bunch of flowers for his sister. Hitherto an
undefined feeling of delicacy had restrained him
when he thought of using the pet word of their
childhood. But thinking it might perhaps please
her, he stepped into the room, and said cheer-
fully, "Here, Rosenglory! See what I have bro't
you!" It was too much for the poor, nervous
sufferer. "Oh don't call me that!" she said; and
she threw herself on her neck, sobbing violently.
He tried to soothe her; and after a while, she
said in a subdued voice, "I am bewildered when
I think about myself. They tell me that I am
a great sinner; and so I am. But I never in-
jured any one. Only once when Robert married
that rich woman, and told me to keep out of his
way, and get my living as others in my situation
did—then for a little while, I hated him; but it
was not long. Dear Jerry, I did not mean to be
wicked; I never wanted to be wicked. But there
seemed to be no place in the world for me.—
They all wronged me; and my heart dried up.
I was like a withered leaf, and the wind blew me
about just as it happened." He pressed her hand
to his lips, and hot tears fell upon it. "Oh, bless
you, for your love!" she said. "Poor outcast
as I am, you do not think that I have sinned be-
yond forgiveness. Do you?" "Fervently he em-
braced her, and answered, "I too have sinned;
but God only knows the secret history of our
neglected youth, our wrongs, sufferings, and tem-
ptations; and say what they will, I am sure He
will not judge us so harshly as men have done."
He knelt down by the bed-side in silent prayer,
and with her hand clasped in his, they both fell
asleep. He dreamed that angels stood by the pil-
low and smiled with sad pitying love on the dy-
ing one. It was the last night he watched with
her. The next day, her weary spirit passed
away from this world of sin and suffering. The
blind pipe was all alone.
As he sat holding the emaciated hand, longing
once more to see that dear face, before the earth
covered it forever, a visitor came in to look at
the corpse. She meant to be kind and sympathiz-
ing; but she did not understand the workings of
the human heart. To the wounded spirit of the
mourner, she seemed to speak with too much
condescension of the possibility of forgiveness,
even to so great a sinner. He rose to leave the
room, and answered meekly, "She was a good
child. But the paths of her life were dark and
tangled, and she lost her way."

STATE OF MAINE.
(Seal.) KENNEDY, ss.—To the Sheriff of
respective Counties, or other of their Deputies,
GREETING.
WE command you to attach the goods or estate
of CHARLES A. WOODWARD, of Augusta, in the
County of Kennebec, yeoman, to the value of one
hundred dollars; and summon the said Woodward (if he
can be found within your precinct) to appear before our
District Court for the Middle District, next to be
held at Augusta, within and for our said County of
Kennebec, on the first Tuesday of August next; then
and there in our said Court, to answer unto JOHN C.
ANTHONY & CO., both of said Augusta, Plaintiffs,
trading as business under the firm and style of Anthony
& Co., in a plea of the case, for that the said de-
fendant, on the day of the purchase of this writ,
being indebted to the said plaintiffs in the sum of one
hundred and sixteen dollars and ninety cents, and
sixteen cents, and that he, the said defendant, has
neglected to pay the same, and that he, the said
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